

Fanttttasy Frissons
Chapter 1: Love at First Bite
C.S. 2024

That damn dream again. The same one that had been haunting Chloe for months now, the same one she stays up so late to avoid just to inadvertently crash asleep and be forced to watch it play, again. The dream she's all too familiar with. A snowy night out at the bus station, going out- for god knows what- just to be stalked, hunted, chased, and killed by some strange figure. Not quite a ghost, but not quite a human, there was just something off about the being, that she couldn't put her finger on. She sighed, and climbed out of bed, brown hair falling gently around her head, long bangs held up by her glasses, she felt heavier than usual today- tonight actually, she woke up at almost 10 pm. She stretches her slender, boxer-clad legs out of the comfort of her blankets and into an equally comfortable pair of sweatpants. She sighed and staggered out of her room into the- nevermind actually, she lives in a studio apartment. She staggers out of bed *across* the room to her fridge, looking for something to help with her now fully set-in headache. She groaned softly, ignoring the bulk pack of bottled water her mother forced onto her at the last family reunion. She reaches on top of the mini fridge into the small tupperware container of various medicines; Band-aids, her estrogen, Dayquil, exactly where her Ibuprofen should be- but it's not. *'Shit, this headache'll kill me if I don't get something...'* she thought. *'I think there's a drugstore in town open this late'*. Wearily, she grabs all she needs. Her wallet, and her trusty hoodie, setting out with that.

Tonight is particularly cold, light snow dots the ground and glides through the air. The occasional gust snapping at her exposed and fragile fingers. She hurriedly makes her way to the bus stop nearby, knowing she'd much prefer not to walk the several miles into town and back in

this weather. There she stands. Waiting at the dark bus stop, admiring the snow, and not even putting it together quite yet, the poor girl. The wind howls, screaming at her, windy enough to make her eyes water, even through her round glasses. The temperature around her feels as though it drops, even colder than before. A crunch in the snow. A rustle in the leaves. Terrified, she turns, prepared to bolt. It was nothing though, just a bat, somehow in the nearby brush, now flying away. She softly laughs at her own overblown fear. "*Calm down Chloe, it was just a bat...*" she thinks, a little humiliated. She waits patiently, the wind too cold to comfortably use her phone, her hands instead resting in her hoodie pockets to stay warm. She takes a second to look around her. Nothing but a bus stop on a high empty street. The warm yellow glow of the street light, sometimes flickering, the buzzing gently humming in her ears, and the occasional moth flying up into the lamp. It wasn't until she took another look at the lamp before she saw something on the arch with the light. Something hanging- a small, brown bat. Assuredly the same one she saw earlier. She was no bat expert, but she recalls the striking red eyes on it, the very same eyes that are oddly piercing her right now. She had no idea bats stared at humans like that. In fact, she was fairly certain they didn't. She was sure she saw that bat fly far away, but it's up on the street light again, why is it there? It hit her. This was the snowy night. This was the bus stop. That bat was the monster after her. She didn't care how ridiculous it sounded, she needed to leave, she could deal with the headache tomorrow.

Panicked, her weak legs started to run back to her house, the snow was fairly set now, making running harder, but still she trotted on. Her heart danced wildly in her chest, pounding on the walls of her torso, as if it was banging on the glass of a cage, begging to be let out. She gasps for air, and as if in slow motion, she completely trips in the snow. Falling down, she stops herself, but is still hurt. She stops for just a second, panicking, catching her breath.

“You tripped.”

A woman’s voice cuts through the night. Her heart stops for a second. Trying to rationalize everything. Chloe weakly stands, turning to look at the source of the voice. A woman stands. Her long black hair flows elegantly past her shoulders, onto her back. Her pale skin is adorned by thick black lipstick and long winged eyeliner. She’s huge, taller than Chloe for sure, she has to be at least 6’3. The woman is wearing a silky black dress, tight on her skinny body, cut perhaps a little too high, with her long, smooth legs running down into a big pair of black boots, adorned with spiderweb patterns. Her nails were longer than should be, painted black. Dangling from her ears are two silver earrings, the left in the shape of a crescent moon, and the right in the shape of a dangling coffin. It became clear to Chloe. Her months of nightmares became visible in an instant. She remembered it all, and all of them had this woman. Frozen in fear, Chloe twitched in place, stuck watching the woman step closer, boots crunching the snow. “Hello, sweetheart” the woman says, sultrily, in a smooth, elegant voice. “This is no time of night for a girl to be traveling unaccompanied”. Chloe stares, wide-eyed, unable to think of a smart response. She forces words through, “I-I’m a boy... b-but thank you....”. The woman laughs, stepping even closer. “You are? Could have fooled me. What’s your name?” Chloe’s mouth opens to speak but the woman grabs Chloe’s chin with her hand, gently tilting it up to meet her gaze. “Your real name, sweetheart”. She softly adds, not unhanding the bold grip on her chin. Chloe is horrified. She stands there, too scared to move, as if her fight or flight reactions have failed altogether. She mindlessly stares at the woman, compelled to answer. “Ch-Chloe...”. She gulps, as if for some reason, awaiting approval from the woman. “Good girl~”. The woman says, gently caressing Chloe’s cheek. “As I was saying, this is no time for a little girl to be out here all alone”, the woman purrs, stepping even closer to the shivering Chloe. “Why don’t I join you?”. Weakly,

Chloe tries to shake her head no as the woman softly laughs. The woman's gentle caressing of Chloe's cheek turns into a tight grip with both hands on each side of her head, her lips diving into Chloe's, roughly kissing her as she holds her in place. Chloe's brain is bombarded with emotions, typhoons of fear, and strangely- pleasure- from every direction. She weakly moans against her assailant's lips, the sound muffling as she refuses to break her firm grip, pressing her lips deeper, her tongue darting around Chloe's mouth. After what feels like an eternity, the woman pulls away from Chloe's lips, a small trail of saliva in her wake. "Ahh...". The woman softly exhales, having taken great pleasure in Chloe's discomfort. "You're delicious, darling" she murmured, her eyes never leaving Chloe's.

Chloe stood, unable to pull her meek gaze away from this mystery woman- and she revels in this. Malevolently laughing at Chloe as she stands over her. "What's wrong sweetheart, bat got your tongue?". Chloe shakes her head, clutching her forehead, it's now or never- she has to leave. "I- I'll be g-going now..." She weakly tries to excuse herself, turning away from the woman, only to find she's now somehow on the other side of her. "Oh no, already?" She grins, bending forward close to Chloe- too close. Her breath tingles hot against her ear. "Our fun is just beginning dear" she says sultrily, Chloe shivering as the words slowly process in her confused brain. Again, wasting no time, the woman tightly grips her head and plunges her face down to engulf Chloe in a passionate kiss, her tongue darting around her mouth. Chloe starts to try and backpedal, but the woman follows her, and slowly starts to push her, until Chloe's back slams into a nearby light post. The woman pushes hard, completely trapping her body between hers and the light post. Her brain fails her, and in a moment of panic, she begins to kiss back. The woman moans in pleasure and pushes deeper, forcing Chloe to do naught but stand still and suck on her tongue. Finally, she pulls away, drool dripping from her delicate mouth. "Oh? You liked that,

didn't you?". Chloe looks away, her head dropping down to her feet. "I..." Chloe starts before the woman roughly grabs her chin, forcing her to look up at her. "Now, now darling, what did we learn about lying?". Chloe stammers, trying to find the words, "Y-yes...", she finally coughs up. The woman laughs softly. "Of course you did darling" she releases her iron grip on Chloe's chin, stepping back and setting her hands on her hips, admiring the blushing mess she turned Chloe into. "Now Chloe, I know you're just so grateful for how I've treated you tonight, no?". Chloe, unsure of what to say, forces herself to nod her head, and the woman laughs again, taking note of Chloe's confusion. "I'm trying to say- You owe me, darling.". Chloe's eyes widened, still shaking with fear, but now with a side of anticipation to boot. "On your knees, sweetheart". She purrs softly. Chloe completely short-circuits, powerless to the woman's allure. "Let me help~" The woman steps forward, roughly grabbing Chloe's hair in a bunch as she lifts her leg up before kneeling her in the gut. Chloe gasped in pain, trying to catch her breath as it's forced out of her, and as the woman let go of her grip around her hair, she collapses down to her knees, coughing and weakly looking up at the woman, now grinning down at her. "There we go...". She steps forward, and unfurls the bottom of her dress, her large member flopping out onto Chloe's frozen head. Chloe squeaks in shock, still looking up at the woman with her glassy, innocent eyes, her vision now obscured by the woman's thick cock. Her dick throbs on Chloe's head as she gently slapped it on her a few times, laughing. "Why don't you show me just how grateful you are..". She says this not long before positioning her cock in front of Chloe's soft, trembling lips. "Open up, princess" the woman says tenderly. Shaking with anticipation, Chloe stares and takes in the sight of the woman's cock. It has to be at least seven inches, and very girthy to boot. The smell emanating is thick, and pungent but certainly not unpleasant. Like the antique musk of old cherry wood, and freshly fallen autumn leaves. Chloe shivers, goosebumps covering her soft skin as she

struggles to act. “Now, dear” The woman says firmly, snapping Chloe’s brain back into place. Quivering, she leans forward and kisses the tip of her cock, it’s warm, and softer than it looks. Chloe looks up to the woman for approval, and seeing her cruel yet charming eyes staring back down at her motivates her to slowly open her mouth to start to take it. Overeager, she opens her mouth trying her hardest to take as much of the woman’s length as she can. It pulsates in her mouth like a beating hard, warm and thick as she wraps her wet lips around it. Unable to take it further than an inch or so, she starts to try and bob her head up and down it. She tries her best, looking up at the woman instinctually, only to find her blankly staring down, looking almost let down. “Do I have to do everything myself, darling?” She mutters disappointedly. “Let me give you a hand”. Suddenly, the woman grabs Chloe’s hair by the fistful, and starts to push her cock deeper. Chloe feels like she’s going to gag, but still takes her cock as she pushes it all the way. Slowly, she starts to pound Chloe’s face, her large cock repeatedly slamming against her throat while her balls slap her chin. Chloe tries to catch her breath but can’t, taking scattered breaths through her nose as she struggles to keep her gag reflex intact. “Ahh.. that’s so much better, don’t you agree?”. She laughs. “Look at me, darling”. Chloe looks up at her with her watery eyes, not trying to pull away, only trying to do a better job at taking her thick dick. The woman moans softly with pleasure, thrusting deeply repeatedly. Her thick, throbbing penis fills up Chloe’s entire warm mouth. Her pace picks up, she takes her free hand off her hip and grabs the other side of Chloe’s head, gripping it with both hands. Her moans grow louder and more aggressive until she finally pushes in as deep as she can, unloading the entirety of her load directly down her throat. She eagerly gulps it down, managing to swallow it all, although not without some effort. She pulls her dripping member out of her soft mouth, a trail of saliva and cum following, dripping off her cock. “Didn’t that feel good sweetheart?”. Chloe meets her warm gaze again,

nodding gently. The woman laughs sensually. “Now I’m going to make you feel *even better*,” she says warmly, grabbing Chloe by her shoulders and throwing her to the ground, landing flat on her stomach. She squeaks quietly as she lands, starting to turn around to look back at the woman, who’s already right behind her. She grabs the back of her head and forces her head forward again, straddling her back. She leans forward to whisper in her ear, hot breath sending shivers down her spine. “Hold still princess~”. She leans back and roughly pulls jeans down, causing Chloe to yelp while revealing her loose boxers, poorly hiding her large ass. “Silly girl...” the woman starts. “These are for boys you know... you could do with something cuter”. Chloe’s face gets hot with embarrassment as she stammers, trying to think of something to say. “What, don’t tell me you’ll try to say you’re a boy again..”. The woman leans forward, right up against her ear. “*I’ll show you just how wrong you are*”. She leans back and before Chloe knows it, her ass is exposed to the cool night air, shivering from the cold, and the excitement. The woman firmly grips both of Chloe’s asscheeks, squeezing them around, feeling them up. She slaps one, Chloe excitedly whimpers. “Sorry darling... my nails are too long for foreplay...” Chloe freezes, eyes widening and face reddening. “Hope you’re ready~”. She pulls her ass tautly apart, spits on the hole, and finally- she starts to push her cock into Chloe’s entrance. “Hm?” The woman pauses, confused. She pushes deeper, smoother than she was expecting, she laughs deeply. “You’ve done this before, haven’t you princess?”. Chloe blushes painfully hard, thinking back to the times she’s played around in her room, her silence screaming louder than she ever could. The woman laughs at her quiet shame, before starting to push into her again. Chloe starts to twitch and moan, helpless to the shock of pleasure coursing through her. She chirrup, almost like a bird as she feels the woman’s member pushing deeper and deeper, starting to slide forward and back through her hole. The woman smirks as she starts to pound into her, Chloe’s soft moans turning into

louder, more desperate yelps of ecstasy. “I just know you love this, darling”. She speeds up, the sound of wet slapping overtaking the sound of Chloe’s despondent panting, her cute moans just begging for the woman to satisfy her. She leans forward as she thrusts, getting right up against Chloe’s neck, and finally sinking her teeth into it. Chloe practically screams, her mind swirling with an explosion of bliss as she is fucked from behind while her blood is drawn sensually yet carefully. The feeling is warm, inviting. The initial prick hurt, but after it felt like a heat pack against her neck, warm, stinging in a comfortable way. The woman finally pulls her sharp teeth out of her neck, leaving two tiny marks dripping with blood. She sighs, rejuvenated, and continues to thrust into her. “Here it comes darling” she says, gripping her thick hips tightly and speeding up, performing one final desperate thrust as she pushes her cock balls deep into her, blasting another load of thick cum right into her, as they both moan exhaustively, filling her up entirely. Chloe gasps and shudders with rapture as she feels herself stuffed with the woman’s cum. The woman leaves her dick in Chloe for a minute or so, taking in the joy of release, before finally sliding it out, leaving her hole dripping with cum. The woman looks at Chloe, who is lying there, red-faced and exhausted on the snowy ground. The woman adjusts her dress again, sliding her thick, slowly softening cock away, and then walks in front of Chloe, wiping the blood dripping from her mouth. She crouches down in front of her. “You’re my favorite prey yet sweetheart”, Chloe weakly looks up at her. “Let’s get you home before the sun comes up, hm?”. The woman effortlessly swipes her up off the ground, grabbing her in a bridal carry as Chloe clings onto her silky flowing dress, finally passing out in her arms.

Chloe awakens softly tucked away in her bed, tucked in by the covers. She jolts awake, panicked. What happened? Where is that woman now? Was that a real vampire? Was any of that real last night? Was it last night to begin with? She looks to her nightstand for a glass of water.

She spies new items resting on the bedside table. She spots a small medicine bottle, still bleary eyed, and without her glasses, she picks it up, bringing it close to her face to read. *"Ibuprofen... Oh yeah... my headache..."* she thinks to herself, unscrewing the lid and pouring some pills out. When she reaches to grab the water, she spots something next to it. An ornate silver earring, in the shape of a crescent moon. Reminded of the recent events again, Chloe pulls herself out of bed and walks over to her window, staring out at the moon. Her gaze is instead drawn to a tree nearby, seeing a small shadow on a branch, a shadow of a bat. It squeaks and flaps its wings, gliding away from the window and into the night.

The End.

(Author's notes on the following page!)

(Author's notes on the following page!)

(Author's notes on the following page!)

AUTHORS NOTE:

Hello! If you made it this far, or just skipped to the end (why?), THANK YOU!!! This is my first smut work for r/smutttt, I actually dabbled in commissioned smut for a few years back in the dark ages (2020-2022) but gave it up after a particularly gross request made me quit. I decided, what better way to get back into it than to start with one of my biggest fantasies! I love vampires, and as a professional boymoder, I figured, why not, right?

I have a few clarifications for those who made it this far and want to know more of this story though. Although I never found a good point to work it in, "The Woman" was meant to be named "Austra Wormwood". If you're the kind of person who has trouble picturing things, below is an image of what I imagine Austra to look like, or at least sort of! The dress is spot on anyways. Sorry Twinkhon enjoyers, she's a passoid! Though I'm bi (with a *heavy* preference towards men), I know some straight girlyies might not want to read this, so [here](#) is a straight version, featuring a vampire boy instead! The story is the same, just the pronouns and some dialogue is altered to make him sound more manly, I guess.

I know some of you hated to see poor Chloe get into some rather painful sounding situations. Yes, this story did get pretty rough at some points, and perhaps a little too far into dubcon for some of you (sorry!), but having been stalking her and her dreams, Austra knew that Chloe at least partially wanted it!

Finally, if you couldn't tell from the title, this will be part one of my fantasy based smut anthology: "Fanttttasy Frissions" (Frisson: a sudden strong feeling of excitement or fear). You can refer to [this](#) post here with my current list of ideas. If you want to commission me or suggest an idea, please DM! I don't have a link to the main document of the anthology yet (as I only have this one work) but once I do, it will go here!



cute dress, right?! Sorry I don't know the model

name :(no i will not be using ai theft to portray how i want my characters to look!! [Here](#) are those cute spider web boots as well! I need these soo badly </3

